

10-29-1942

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-10-29

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. V

OCTOBER 29, 1942

No. 2

U. S. AIR CORPS SUPERVISORS



*Captain George B. Sanderson
Carlstrom Field*

After two weeks of playing hide and seek, we finally caught up with and cornered Capt. George B. Sanderson, Commanding Officer of the Air Depot Detachment at Carlstrom Field.

He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs about 175 pounds. He has been through a war and a half and still has a keen sense of humor, a ready smile, and plenty of hair on his head. Capt. Sanderson is one who completely disapproves of the maxim that an executive doesn't work — he is one of the busiest men on the reservation.

Sanderson was born in San Saba, Texas. He went to Dallas University, and having a taste for a soldier's life, he later attended Dallas Military Academy.

When World War 1 came down around our ears, he enlisted in the Air Service at Love Field, Texas, where he became a Sergeant. Later he was promoted to Sergeant Major in charge of moving trainees to the various training fields.

It was during that time that Sgt. Sander-

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*Lieutenant Alfred G. Schubert
Riddle Field*

Controlled Depot Representative of the United States Army Air Corps at Riddle Field, Clewiston, is Lieut. A. G. Schubert. Comfortably located in the new Army Supply Building, Lieut. Schubert is kept busy keeping account of the United States Army Air Corps equipment that comes into Number 5 B. F. T. S.

The A. G. stands for Alfred Gordon, born February 25, 1918, in Chicago. Graduated from New Trier High School at Winnetka, Ill., he took a Mechanical Engineering course at Purdue University in LaFayette, Ind., where he obtained a B. S. degree in his course.

As a result of R. O. T. C. work at the University, he received a Reserve Commission in the United States Army. After graduation, Lieut. Schubert worked for the Automatic Electric Company in Chicago, receiving very useful training there.

On September 1, 1941, he was called into the service as a Second Lieutenant, and reported to Middletown, Pa., where he

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*Lieutenant Francis P. Bacon
Miami Division*

Energetic, conscientious, hard working Lieut. Francis P. Bacon, now Air Force representative for the rapidly expanding Aircraft and Engine Division in Miami, is a comparative newcomer to the Embry-Riddle family.

He is a third generation engineer. His grandfather was the first General Manager of the Edison Electric Corporation (now General Electric), and in his early twenties he was Dean of Engineering at the University of Pennsylvania. His father has also had an interesting engineering career and is at present General Manager of the Pensacola Shipbuilding Corporation.

Lieut. Bacon was born in Bath, Maine, in 1908 and spent his early years in the Panama Canal Zone, Duluth, New Orleans, and Pass Christian, Miss., where his father was engaged in various engineering projects.

Due to his father's activities he attended many schools, but finally he had one full

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EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
EMBRY-RIDDLE



RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL of AVIATION
Miami, Florida

* * *

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO
INSTITUTE OF TENNESSEE
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.

* * *

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

* * *

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A. "JOE" WILLIAMS — SAM LIGHTHOLDER
Staff Artists

CHARLES C. EBBETS, *Staff Photographer*

FOUND!

A man's ring — described as handsome — was found last week-end at the Macfadden-Deauville.

After sufficient identification as to its description and the engraving inside, Mr. Robert Smith, manager of the Macfadden-Deauville will be glad to turn this ring over to the owner.

Letters to the Editor

October 23, 1942

Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for permitting me to have had the privilege of being Cub Reporter for the Radio Department while I was a student here at Embry-Riddle.

Many of my friends in Massachusetts have enjoyed the Fly Papers which I have been sending them. By the way, when I am located, will you send it to me?

Now that my course is drawing to an all too sudden end, I would like to say that if the Embry-Riddleites have enjoyed reading my articles half as much as I have enjoyed writing them, I shall be able to leave Embry-Riddle with a splendid feeling of satisfaction.

Regardless of where I am located in order to promote the war effort, I shall never forget Embry-Riddle and all of the students and faculty here.

Sincerely,

Bob Lipkin
Radio Department

Dear Editor,

From a Beverly Hills magazine, "Script," I am dwindling down a 1,000 word article written by Ed Martin.

John Paul Riddle, whom I knew well, and other men who read the Fly Paper, especially men 40 years old, will probably know the hero of this article; for he flew at Kelly Field, Texas, as an instructor during World War 1.

This hero had a bad crack-up and was in the hospital when the Armistice was signed, and therefore never flew in Europe.

This instructor's son is flying with the R.A.F. (at the age of 20 today) and is credited with two German Junkers off the coast of England and seven other enemy ships.

A power dive in 1932 killed this flyer. It was in the making of Paramount's picture, "Sky Brides," starring Dick Arlen, that the crash occurred, killing him instantly.

But let's go back a few years and pick up the pieces and see how they fit together.

World War 1 had just ended, and this flyer lay in the hospital from a crack-up, but Kelly Field knew this flyer well; for he was one of their top instructors.

So, after the Armistice, we follow this lad to barnstorming, stunting at fairs running small airfields and schools, and finally stunting for the movies. His records in Hell's Angels, Wings, and Dawn Patrol show that he was the best.

When Director Ed Goulding was re-making the new version of Dawn Patrol,

the old flying footage taken nine years before couldn't be improved upon, so therefore, our flyer got credit for the stunt flying, although he had died years before.

Today the son of the greatest stunt man ever in motion pictures is with the R.A.F.; and up to now has credits to show nine enemy aircraft shot down off the coast of England; and he says that it was his fathers flying in Dawn Patrol, the great nerve and courage he had, that made him find himself. California can be proud of Leo Stratford Nomis, Jr., flying son of a flying father, Mr. Leo Nomis.

ANONYMOUS

710 Tappan
Ann Arbor, Mich.
October 20, 1942

Letter to Sam Lightholder
Embry-Riddle Field
Union City, Tenn.

Dear Sam:

I have changed my address and wish that you would see to it that the *Fly Paper* is sent to my new address.

I don't know if you will remember who this is writing. I took Secondary at the same time you did. My brother Emmett is teaching at Avon Park.

If you see Jimmy Gilmore or C. W. Tindley, say hello for me.

I have been receiving the *Fly Paper* regularly. It is good to hear from the Sunny South and also of the activities of Embry-Riddle.

I am attending the University of Michigan.

Good luck, and thanks,

Eugene Brown

Clewiston, Fla.
October 22, 1942

Dear Editor,

We look forward each week to our FLY PAPER, and would appreciate having names of two friends put on the mailing list.

When I was up North a few weeks ago, I had several FLY PAPERS with me to show friends how our "Embry-Riddle family" does things; and they were much impressed!

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. A. R. Brink

Dear Editor,

"I'll be glad to see my new friend at 12:30 anytime."

P. O.

DEAUVILLE DITTIES

by Lucille Valliere

STEP RIGHT UP FOLKS. STEP RIGHT UP . . . CLOSER, PLEE-uz, ladies and gentlemen . . . AH! Now, that's better . . . (Just want to remind you all to be on hand for that Hallowe'en Masquerade Party this coming Saturday eve.)

Well, last Saturday, after all these months of being in the thick of the fun, light-hearted and free as a bird (the kind with feathers), we've at last found out what it feels like to be on the outside looking in. We may not have so much "inside dope" this week, but we'll try to make up for it with a bird's eye view of who all we halted on their merry way past the gate to broach to the rather mercenary subject of tickets. We were supposed to find out who had 'em and who didn't . . . and "who didn't" promptly came across with the shekels—or else. Or else what? Well . . . just "or else."

We can now fully appreciate the ordeals undergone by those ticket-sellers at the ball parks and at the circus each time a thunderous roar (human or leonine, as the case may be) wafts out from the packed interior to penetrate their lonely solitude. We personally, however, cannot complain of having been lonely. On the contrary, several visitors stopped by, some kibitzers, and even a few concerned sympathizers. Myrtle, the Mosquito* (Damon Runyon's little friend from Hibiscus Island) dropped by for dinner. Of course, we didn't mind Myrtle sitting there complacently having her dinner while we neared starvation. What we really objected to was the fact that she was having dinner on us. (We offer our condolences to Myrtle's family and friends, and we hope that Milton, her husband, is not still waiting up for her.)

While we sat there quietly (between intermittent scratching sessions) listening to those tintilating, scintillating tunes from in yonder, our sensitive nostrils caught an occasional whiff of baked Virginia ham and candied sweets and we commenced to bemoan our lot. However, we do feel that we have profited spiritually by our experience in that we have thereby acquired a more understanding and tolerant attitude toward those gray uniformed St. Peters who hold forth down by the front gate. Likewise our tremendous admiration for Vadah Thomas' kindly patience has been considerably enhanced by having had the opportunity to share her weekly trials and tribulations.

We couldn't see very well through the wall because we had forgotten our specs, but from the hilarious sounds emerging from the interior we gathered that most of the folks were having fun. No contests were held (so they tell me) and so there-

fore we have no rhumba, no bingo, no jitterbug, no bank nite prize-winners to announce.

We did have a wedding party drop in on us however. Wain Fletcher's good-looking nephew, Ensign Jack Gilmore arrived late with his bride, Virginia; his mother, who is Wain's sister, Florence Gilmore; his grandmother, Mrs. G. T. Richards; Wain herself; Lt. J. D. Graff; and Ensign J. L. Cooke.

Vadah Thomas (we wonder if she's the one who gave Myrtle the complimentary dinner ticket) looking sweet as a candy stick in a striped light-blue satin, had the unexpected pleasure of having her new hubby, Aviation Cadet Bill Thomas, with her for the occasion.

Grace Roome was there looking like a little Dresden doll in light blue taffeta and net.

We met a charming couple. Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Bardol from Arcadia and we sure hope to see more of them and their friends.

Our regular weekly guest, K. F. Castledine, came along with a trio of Maple Staters from Springfield, Vt.: Devaun Kite, Margery Castledine, and E. S. Castledine. Others in the graduation group were: Samuel Howie, Donald Farguhar, Raymond Matson, Henry G. Mercier, Aubrey E. Crabb, Charles L. Adams, Harry E. Irvine, Michael Hochak, Ralph Congo, Joseph Del Guichie, Morton Harris, Robert Holmes, Vincent V. Eisenhower, George H. Fiet, Paul R. Canty, LeRoy Nelson, R. S. Cunningham, R. B. Harding, Oscar Jennings, David L. Dickinson, Herbert Holden, John Ferraro, C. J. Casey, Irving Duffield, Charles Brannigan, Roy O. Fiske, David F. Culbert, Elten Coleman, Charles E. Papayami, Michael Novak, Sy Moses, Edward Antvian, William G. Cullen, T. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gentry, E. Culp and Mitzi Culp.

Former students Richard Bronner, Jack T. McKee, William Geha and George W. Cotton made their welcome appearance. Others who managed to get by us were: Katherine Weidman of the Colonnade Office; Elaine Chalk, Jimmie Brown, Loretta Hinson, Jinnie Mickel.

Latin-America showed up in the form of the following: Enrique Arcaya of Chile; Ovidio Palma and Benito Oliva of Honduras; Romeo Rodriguez of Salvador; Willie Rivas of Nicaragua; and three Brazilians, Adriano Ponso, Vinicius Vargas and Sertorio Arruda.

We couldn't see any more this time, Folks, and we still wish more of our

WHAT! NO SUNBURN!



Lucille Valliere, your Correspondent, and Helene Horsali seen at the Deauville.

friends would sign the guest book. However, come Saturday, what with all the incognito cats, skeletons, witches, gypsies, ghosts and nondescripts cluttering up the place we'll most likely be in a dither trying to report who was there and who wasn't, but just wait—we'll find out. (And, no aliases in that guest book, either!)

*Apologies to the Chamber of Commerce.

COME SATURDAY

The wind will howl in a special key, ghosts will walk at midnight, and goblins will have their yearly outing.

The highlight of the evening will be a surprise planned by some of the Latin-Americans.

We don't know what's cookin', and we wouldn't tell if we did; but we hear it's SUPER special.



"Costume conscious" is the phrase of the day; "originality" is the password that will bring your pocketbook into the presence of \$15.00, and to him or her who boasts the most "attractive" costume, will go \$10.00.

There will be continuous music from 8 p.m. 'til 1 a.m. at the Deauville. A rumba band will supplement the music of Maurice Weiss.

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

Have you noticed the new grille work around the Accounting Department? Real fancy and should serve its purpose, said purpose being to keep down traffic going to Mr. McGee's office.

I wonder who it was who broke K. Sandusky's glasses? I wonder? Capt. Bentley, Capt. Monsour, and Lt. Duke in their new offices in Barracks No. 6. Warrant Officer Rockett and his staff are taking over the offices just vacated by Capt. Bentley and his group.

Muscle Murmurs

Several mornings this week we have had to assist a few of the Army personnel off the bus, owing to the rigors of the physical training program. Sgt. Sharpe murmuring, "Hand me down my walking cane," and Pvt. Lofgren's, "Ole wheel chair's got me."

That was all of two weeks ago—we expect to see all of them getting a good early start, say about 4:00 a.m. in the morning, and run out to the Field. "The Thundering Herd."

That back-hand, just over the net return of Lt. Frank's—ZOWIE. That sweat shirt that Lt. Phillip wears, cut low in the back.

The Air Conditioning system in the Link building doing a good job, several people are wondering if their office couldn't be moved over that way next summer.

One Man Fire Wagon

Mr. Cullers speeding around the hangars on his new bicycle, what no horn? Ally Hollingsworth should be able to fix a siren, a basket to put fire hose in and a trailer hitch, for the latter wagon, one-man fire department.

Miss Frances Parker and Lt. Deckle one-ing it the eighth of November in Plant City. Lots of happiness and good luck to both of them.

Seen over at the infirmary: Paregoric and Patty eating out of the same dish.

Eugenia Welles starting to hike to Arcadia, anyway, she got off the bus to ride with her husband, but t'weren't he.

Forecast

All members of the "Deadlier sex" talking of the coming Masquerade Dance and how they are going to dress. We have a few suggestions:

Freddie Lewis as Daisy Mae.

Mickie Wilson as Mati Hari.

Peaches Prevette as Jane Withers.

Margaret Lightfoot as Greta Garbo.

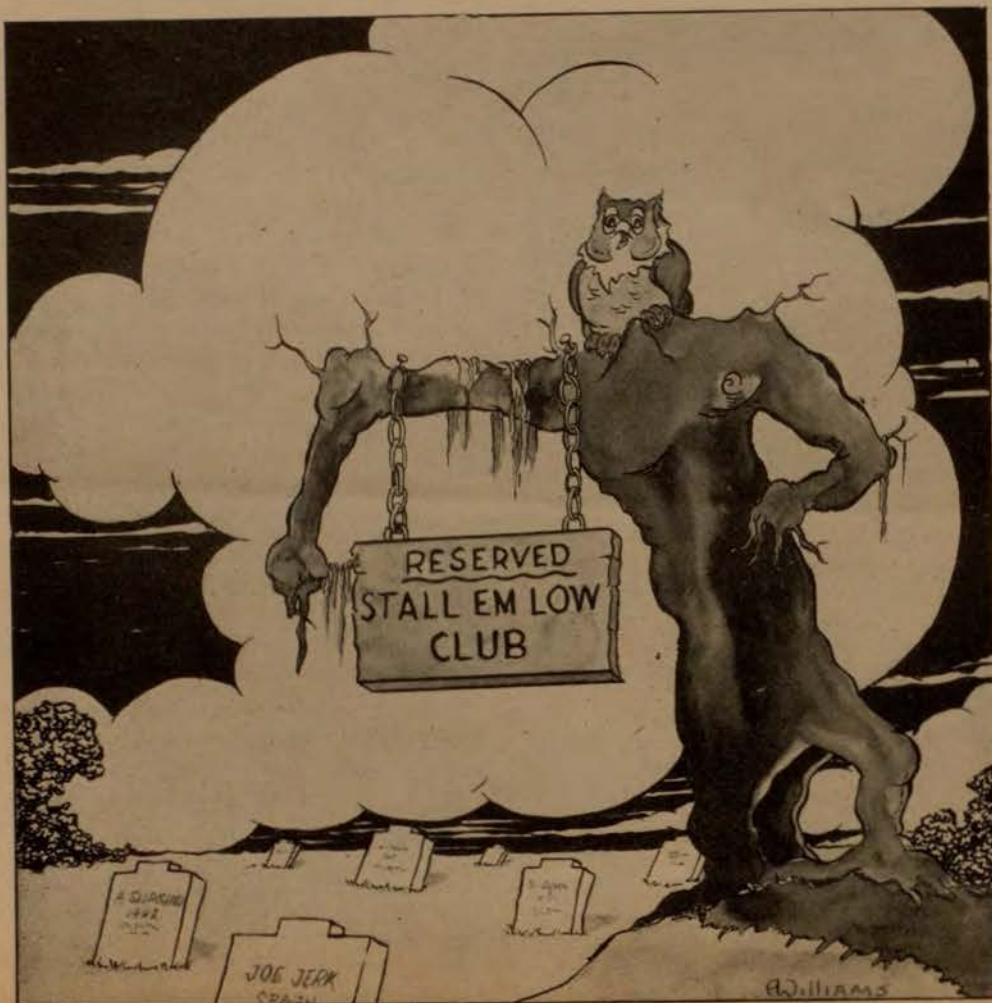
Mr. Nicodemus has threatened to get his Mother Hubbard out and slip in as "Ole Father Time."

ME as the nearest equivalent to the Gestapo.

IF Kay Bramlitt should honor us with her presence—well, Cleopatra had red hair too.

We'll tell the outcome next week, it ought to be "confusin' but amooosin'."

Note to Tom Davis Carlstrom Field: Yep, we got your package with the address, did you mean "Hon" or "ornery"—anyway we claim we were pushed.



DORR SEES BUDGE BROTHERS STAGE ROUND ROBIN SINGLES

On Thurs., Oct. 22, a singles round robin Tennis Tournament was held for the aviation cadets of both the morning and afternoon classes. The event consisted of 42 entrants and took the full attention of athletic officer Al Jennings and directors Don and Lloyd Budge.

After some 142 individual matches had been played, Cadets Leonard, Jones, Boyle, and Spring reached the semi-finals, and a winner will be decided by an elimination process during the coming week.

Elimination

In the morning group, the best individual performers were Cadets Leonard, Schott, Pitts, D. R. Jackson, Jones, and Randolph. Each of these boys won his division by a fairly comfortable margin except Cadet Jones, who was forced to a play-off with Cadet Close to decide the winner in that particular division.

As elimination play proceeded, Leonard eliminated Schott and Pitts took care of Jackson, only to be defeated by Leonard in turn. Jones was hard pressed in putting Randolph out of the tournament.

In the afternoon group, Cadet Boyle seemed to have things pretty well to him-

self, only to run into some very severe and unexpected competition from Cadet Davis in the play-offs.

The four sectional winners in this group were Cadets Badham, Spring, Boyle, and Davis. Of these, Boyle and Badham won by comfortable margins, but Spring was closely pressed by Murphy and Passopulo, and Davis narrowly got by Johnson and Hicks. Spring accounted for Badham and Boyle for Davis in the semi-finals.

Impromptu Doubles

In addition to the singles round robin, an impromptu doubles exhibition was staged. Lt. Bill Frank and Lloyd Budge teamed up to defeat Lt. Al Jennings and Don Budge by a score of 6-4.

The officers conducted themselves like a couple of veteran tournament players. Frank's volleying and Jennings' serving were specially deserving of honorable mention.

This coming week there will be an extra tennis class at Dorr for the officers, who are now required to have an hour's supervised physical training period each day. That too will be under the supervision of athletic officer Jennings and the athletic directors, brothers Budge.

CADET NEWS FROM DORR

by A/C Frank E. Loftus
and A/C George W. Reese

The upper classmen are heading into the home stretch in their ground school and are getting a little red in the face trying to give Mr. Ochsner some magneto diagrams he can understand. Mr. Huggins some pretty synoptic maps, Mr. Hoten a few good vectors, and Mr. Brennan a good explanation of why the things really fly.

Even with Sergeant Hamilton in the lineup, Flight 3's all-star basketball team could not quite handle the deceptiveness of Flight 4's aces, who were led by Johnny Pesch.

Bring on the Linament

A rare treat it was to see the officers responding to the recent athletic director from Headquarters. Physical Director Lt. Al Jennings put the brain-toughened, desk-softened, one-time athletes through the calisthenic paces.

Honors in the toe touching exercises were nabbed by slim, agile, C. O. Major Bill Boyd, who found his figure a great advantage

under said circumstances. Particularly envious of him was Lt. Duke, who found a number of years of good living between his finger tips and his toes.

Duke's only interest was in the exercises executed from the supine position. The doctors, Capt. Nachtigall and Lt. Palmer, were their own best customers at the infirmary the next day.

The gala show was concluded by a volley ball game between the enlisted men and officers. The latter's team, consisting of Major Boyd, Captains Bentley and Mon-sour, and Lieutenants Phillip and Frank, won an easy victory. The officers would like to know if the enlisted men were just being polite.

Dorr Field welcomed a new officer Thursday. He is 2nd Lieut. Raymond C. Moore, recent graduate of Officers' Training School, Miami Beach, Fla. He is to be head of the Personnel Section here.

Riddle Field Executive Guest of British Air Ministry in England



G. Willis Tyson, general manager of the Riddle-McKay aero college at Clewiston, has arrived in England, where he is a guest of the British Air Ministry. Mr. Tyson left Miami last week at the invitation of the RAF to study flight training methods and to inspect fighter and bomber training units. What a delightful surprise for some of our Riddle Field Cadets when they see the man who helped them achieve their coveted wings while training in this country.

SANDERSON

Continued from Page 1

son made a trip to Carlstrom Field with a Squadron to be trained for combat flying. He was later sent to England as a Flying Sergeant in the 169th Squadron. "I never got to France!", he said with a note of regret in his voice.

After thirteen months of flying with the 169th and, later, with the 237th, 2nd Lieutenant Sanderson returned to his old outfit at Love Field, where he received his discharge and returned to civilian life.

From 1919 to 1931, Sanderson was associated with the Boyce Motor Meter and National Gauge Company in New York; Van Dorn Electric Tool Company in Cleveland; and then he organized the Sanderson Company (auto supplies and equipment) in four states.

When the present war broke out, he was promoted to the rank of Captain and is again serving his country at the job he knows best—supplies.

He has a very pleasing personality and is never too busy to stop for a word of greeting or answer a lot of dumb questions from a hoodle-headed reporter. It is hard to believe that a man of his talents and charm has eluded the arrows of Dan Cupid for so long.

Good luck, Captain, and keep those supply lines rolling!

—J. R. Woodward, Jr.

WE'RE IN IT — LET'S WIN IT!

BACON

Continued from Page 1

year at the Rugby Military Academy, went to High School at Pass Christian, and received his high school certificate at the Augusta Military Academy.

In 1925 he entered the University of Virginia, which he attended for four years as an undergraduate and one year as a graduate. He received degrees of Bachelor of Science in Engineering and Mechanical Engineering.

For many years he remained with his parents and worked on a new resort venture on Dauphin Island, at the mouth of Mobile Bay. In 1940 he started to look around for something in the defense line.

May of 1941 saw him as an instructor in engine overhaul and maintenance at the Pensacola Naval Air Station. In September he was transferred to the Mobile Air Depot and there received his commission in the Air Corps. He was sent to Miami Beach to be one of the guinea pigs in the first class of the Officers Training School.

After setting up the A.A.F. Control Depot Representative Office for the Florida Aircraft Corporation in Orlando, he was transferred, in July of this year, to the Embry-Riddle Company, Miami.

Six feet tall, curly fair hair, with twinkling eyes, Lieut. Bacon is happily married to the former Nina Freeman Williams, Mobile. He claims as his motto: "When a task is once begun, never leave it 'til it's done."

FATHER COMES INTO HIS OWN

From "Flaming Coffins"

To Embry-Riddle's Coliseum

Is The Story of J. J. Devery

by Vadah Thomas

Having served his country for fourteen years, from 1917 to 1931, as a first lieutenant and later as a captain in the U. S. Army Air Corps, John Joseph Devery, 51, and the father of two children, is serving again. Not in the romantic role of a flyer, but as an instructor of an Aircraft Electrical course at the Coliseum, where he completed his Instructor Trainee course a few weeks ago.

"Flaming Coffins," they called the ships he flew in France during World War I. They were D.H.4A's, with 400 horse power motors. "Equivalent to a hand grenade," laughs Mr. Devery, "were the 200 kilos of bombs we carried."

No Parachutes

Two and a half hour raids on troop concentrations and railways constituted the activities of Captain Devery's First Daylight Bombardment Group. Some photography was sandwiched in while the bombs were dropping. The group used the only American built engines at the front, and, in those days, they didn't think of wearing parachutes.

At that time, the Air Corps had not come into its own and was not a separate branch of the service—it was under the Signal Corps.

Last War Record

Mr. Devery's excellent background for teaching our boys at the Coliseum began when he was working for the Public Service Commission in New York. At that time he attended night classes at Columbia University and City College, studying Civil Engineering for two and a half years.

During the last war, he enlisted in the Aviation Section of the Signal Enlisted Reserve Corps and was sent to Austin, Texas, for ground school training.

Sent overseas under the command of Major McDill, for whom McDill Field is named, and Lt. LaGuardia, present Mayor of New York City, Mr. Devery went to Oxford University for further ground school instruction.

With Army of Occupation

After receiving his flight training at Stanford, Lincolnshire, he became attached to a home defense squadron just outside of London. Later he was sent to France with the First Daylight Bombardment Group of the A.E.F.

After the war, Mr. Devery was ordered to Germany with the Army of Occupation. He returned to the States in 1919, and was stationed at Mitchell Field.

In 1920, he was ordered to Langley, Va. to participate in a mock battle to determine the effectiveness of Air Craft against Sea Craft.

An advocate of the use of parachute troops, Mr. Devery, in 1922, gave a demonstration parachute jump in an Air Show at Kokomo, Ind. to prove that a soldier coming down in a chute can carry some equipment.

Mr. Devery has given up his peace time work because, "It's an all out war, and we all should be in it in some manner."

All in the Scrap

Mr. Devery's two children were both "Army brats," having been born in Army Hospitals. And it appears that their birthplace has had more than a little influence on them. They are both "in the scrap" along with their father.

Elaine, 21, has been secretary to Mr. Riddle for one of the two years she has been associated with Embry-Riddle, and Jean, 20, has been working in the radio department at Eastern Airlines for the past year.

Pilots Too

Elaine has a private pilot's license already, and as for her sister, it won't be long now.

"Not Too Old to Fight"

Is The Challenge of E. R.

Instructor G. H. Doshier

"They said I was too old to fight," were the words of Guy Hudson Doshier when he was asked why he had thrown the automobile business to the winds and prepared himself at the Coliseum to teach our boys the intricacies of engine electrical units.

Born January 22, in Illinois, Mr. Doshier attended the University of Illinois, where he studied Civil Engineering for three and a half years. Later, concentrating on the more literary aspects of his education, he studied at Sorbonne, Paris, and at the University of Dijon, France.

Modest

Enlisting in the Army at the outset of the first World War, Major Doshier spent three and a half years in France. He served in both the Field Artillery and in the Air Corps.

Seemingly rather quiet, Doshier is reluctant to talk about himself and his career. His fine education and excellent service record, however, speak eloquently for him, and his anxiety "to get back to business" assures us that the boys he instructs will "know their stuff."

MATERIEL CONTROL

by Joan Lowry

Well, here we go again with who's new and what's where.

Franklin Anderson and Henrietta Weiss are newcomers. Charlie Shepherd has been transferred temporarily from Tech School to Post Supply at Clewiston to replace Johnie Bethea. Mary Gamble is spending a few days on our card system at Engine Overhaul.

Moving Day

We are anxiously awaiting the completion of the alterations at the Colonnade so that we can move. Janet Perry hasn't missed a day asking Mr. Buxton when that will be.

Being curious about her being curious, I stuck my nose into the matter and discovered the reason for her great concern. She lives only a few blocks from the Colonnade Building, and that means she'll have thirty minutes more to sleep every A. M. Some people have all the luck! (I wonder if she has a spare bedroom)?

It seems that Materiel Control has had its share of colds. First Mary had that nasty "little ole germ"; then I had a siege with it. Now I have decided not to be

selfish and keep it all to myself. I wonder if our very nice Mr. Koehler would like it? Well, I am making a notation to see what I'll do about it.

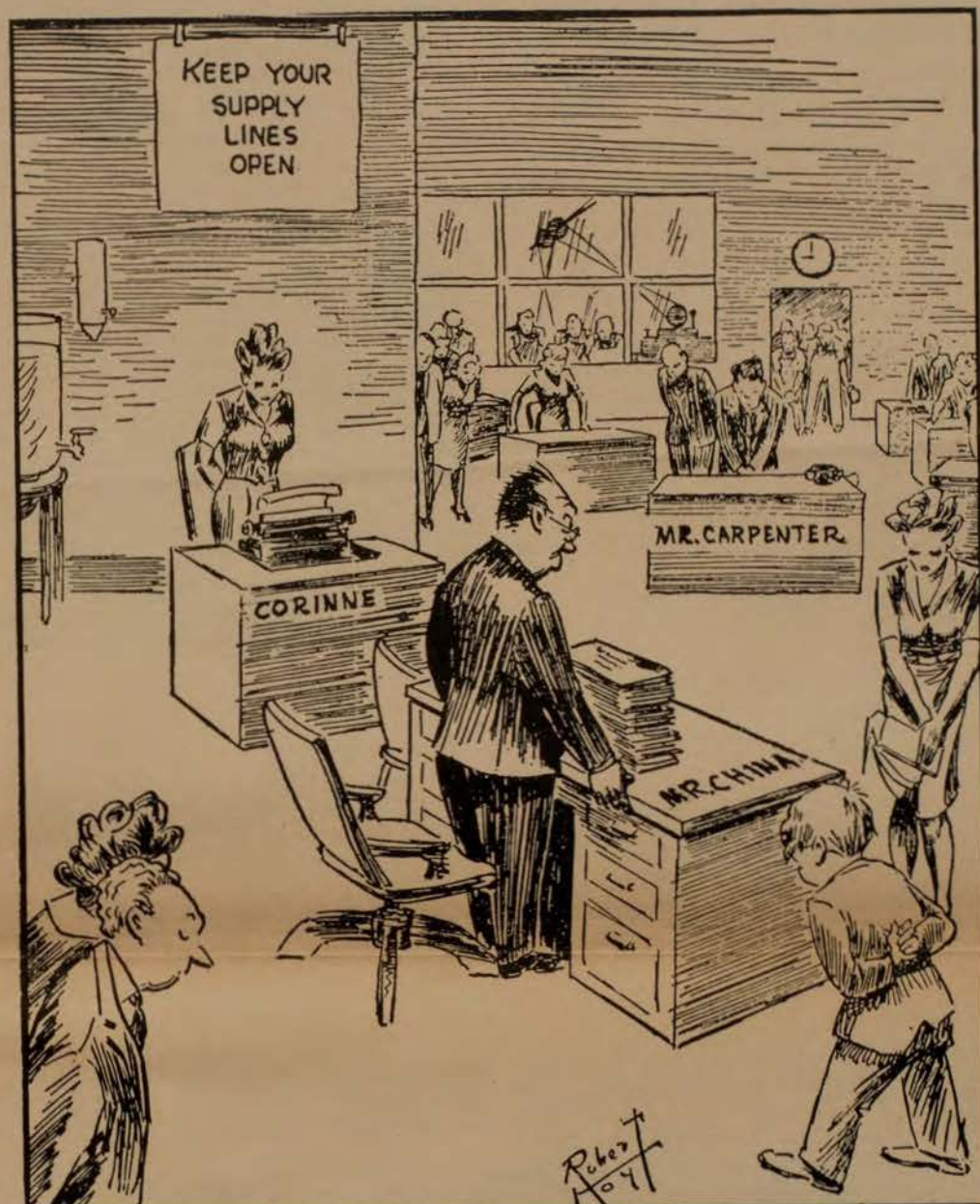
Knows Nothin'

Speaking of Mr. Koehler, I asked him very confidentially what about a little gossip. From the beam on his face I was all set for a juicy scandal. He gave me an intriguing smile, and do you know what he said? Quote "I don't know nothin'." I'm wondering if it's just that he's afraid to talk.

So again I'm here without the goods. Maybe I don't have the nose for gossip, but who ever saw a woman who didn't? The only thing I guess I can attribute it to is that we are all such busy people in this department that we don't have time for mischief.

But before long, I'm sure someone will slip, and I'll have a scoop that will really make headlines. So, as a real Southern Gal would say, "It's been real nice of all you folks to listen to little ole me, and I'll be talking more next week."

PURCHASE REQUESTS — SILENCE



"Before opening the mail, let us pause the usual two minutes in silent prayer for strength to face the day's new forms and requirements." (Printed by the courtesy of Thomas & Betts Co., Inc., Elizabeth, N. J.)

GIVE US STRENGTH

by Emily Conlon, Purchasing Dept.

The poor, brow-beaten Purchasing Department has shown up for work another day. Bless their souls, how they can take it! This Department cannot continue to revel in optimism one day and wallow in pessimism the next. Such a routine will wear the nerves of our members to tatters and fill the city's mental retreats to overflowing.

Why, I've heard some remark that from the time they give us a Purchase Request until the time they see their material, Haley's Comet has come and gone, there have been two eclipses of the sun, and the local newspapers, under the heading, "Twenty-five Years Ago Today," include this item: "Tom Jones, Embry-Riddle Company employee, started waiting for his order of 25 barrel bolts and six clothes pins."

Most people think we are from the same litter as "The Hound of the Baskervilles." 'Tisn't so! We are really very human.

Bravery Beyond the Call of Duty

The bravest ones among us seem to be James Koger and J. M. Wheeler. They are always seated and waiting when the rest of us gallop in.

We helped Arthur "Try On For Size" Carpenter celebrate his birthday last Saturday. With Mr. Habig's kind assistance, we managed to get at least 10 of the 16 candles lit on his cake and the office force assembled when Mr. Carpenter strolled in—all smiles! I believe he was really surprised.

Carolyn Bruce and Virginia Pendleton, new additions, were very happy about the

whole thing. Weren't we all? Edna Callahan had some rather amorous proposals after everyone had tasted the grand cake she had baked for the occasion. E. L. China, of the smiling eyes, was a bit tardy, but DID have some of the cake.

This week we miss Betty Bruce's wit and able assistance as she has finally succeeded in reaching her golden dream—a vacation! Speaking of vacations, our "Good Humor Man," Norman Bennett has just recently returned from his well-earned rest.

Latest reports are that Connie Young will be seeing Arcadia again, as she is leaving Tuesday to spend a few days there, business, "natchery."

Poor Piggy

The rest of us are chomping at the bit for this Saturday night to arrive as we have planned a shindig, alias Hallowe'en Party. We are sure it will be a great success due to our piggy bank!

The one female member of our Pricing Department, Gerry Holland, is really holding her own. The men are having a time keeping up with her. And apparently there is nothing that can be done about it. Women are here to stay!

This could go on and on—perhaps a book entitled, "Life Among The Underdog" or "How To Become Gray in Three Easy Lessons." By now I am so worn out I can feel the white corpuscles chasing the lone red corpuscle left in my system.

If I and the others can make it through this day without rigor mortis setting in, we will have taken a major step toward hardening ourselves for whatever may come.

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

MIAMI'S GAS and RUBBER PROBLEM

By the way, if you are considering applying for tires or additional gasoline, don't waste your time nor that of the Rationing Board in Miami until you have the approval of your own Divisional Manager.

The Embry-Riddle Company has set up its own War Transportation Board at the Colonnade and all applications must go through this channel before being put before the Miami Board.

Each employee of the Embry-Riddle Company in the Miami area has been requested to fill out a form giving his address and means of transportation, regardless of the mode.

As soon as this information is classified employees will be advised as to how they can best come to work and every effort will be made to provide adequate transportation for all.

The War Transportation Board, in the Colonnade Building, Coral Gables, will be glad to furnish any employee with further information and will help solve this vital problem just as soon as possible.

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Larry I. Walden, Jr., Editor

James Glover, Writer

Alva Nelle Taylor, A/C Tom Collins, A/C B. R. Fern, Associate Editors
Ken Stiverson, Cartoonist Frank Haynes, Photographer

Dear Fly Paper Pals:

This week we want to feature for your reading pleasure the Assistant Director of Flying for the Riddle-McKay Company of Tennessee, Charlie Sullivan, a native of Paducah, Ky.

Charlie started flying in the spring of 1939. In 1940, he was instructing Secondary C.P.T. at South Bend, Ind. After having completed two Secondary C.P.T. programs at South Bend, he went to Emporia, Kan., where he instructed until he became employed as a Flight Instructor by the Riddle Aeronautical Institute in June, 1941.



Charlie Sullivan,
Assistant Director of Flying, Embry-Riddle Field.

Shortly after his employment, he was assisting in the Instructor Refresher School under Cleat Huff after which he was an Instructor under Angie Menichello, later becoming Assistant Flight Commander under Angie.

He came to Union City as Director of the Instructor Refresher School, effective June 1, 1942, which position he held until he was promoted to Assistant Director of Flying October 1, 1942.

Trailer Home

He and his lovely wife, Dorothy Sheeks Sullivan, are residing in their trailer home at Aycock's Trailer Park near the Embry-Riddle Field.

Charlie says, "Outside of training Army Pilots, I would rather fish or hunt!" Knowing Charlie as we do, we know this to be a true statement.

Every member of the organization is rendering his fullest and most willful support to him in his new endeavor—not through obligation, but because of the respect and confidence we have in him.

Weather Department

Our Meteorology Department now has its weather shed equipped and in working order. We debated for some time as to the feasibility of spending money for weather instruments; however, we have Larry Walden around to give his predictions, which, we understand, compared very favorably with the best U. S. Weather Bureau pre-

dictions in Florida while Larry was the Chief Weather Prognosticator at Arcadia.

I think we can safely predict, however, that the Embry-Riddle personnel who have been busy these past few weeks "shooting at" doves should exchange their shells for a heavier load and get their boots out; for colder weather during the last few days is driving some nice duck flights down, and they are resting up on nearby Reelfoot Lake, famous hunting paradise. We hope we can get our share before they get on down your way.

Beautiful Belles

Our newest additions to the company personnel have been several linemen in the Maintenance Department and the beautiful belles on the Field are increasing in number. Suits me fine! We were "thrilled" at the new addition down at Operations, Miss Virginia Hunt, who has taken up her new duties as Secretary to our New Assistant Director of Flying.

We are also looking forward to the addition of Miss Martha Stokes, local girl, to the Maintenance Department. Lay off, fellows. Miss Elizabeth Hill Moffatt, Troy, is now working in the office of E. H. Krussrow, Supt. of Maintenance.

Wonder if the Draft Age Limit will get low enough to take in that new baby boy of Humphrey's? And the WAACs have a new candidate since Lt. Mackey, Commandant of Cadets, has a new baby girl at his house. Long wait, Lt., but it's worth it!

And while we are wondering, could it be possible that our latest "boogey" man, "The Spider," has red hair?

Pilots' Club

Well, it seems as if the long-sought-for Pilots' Club is going to get started soon in a big way now with several frog-skins in the pot and a lot of enthusiasm in the



Miss Virginia Hunt, Secretary to Charlie Sullivan

membership. We feel this club is going to solve a lot of recreational problems.

We were glad to learn that Billy McRae, who came here from Carlstrom as Chief Flight Dispatcher at the beginning of the school, is now in the Air Force as a Cadet! Good luck to you, Billy!

Joe McCain, formerly at Riddle Field, has been promoted to Assistant Flight Commander of Flight 2. New Flight Instructors are Bob Dycus, "Larry" Sims, and Johnny Orr.

A last minute report on Nellie Rabun, Flight Instructor: "Nellie's back is better and we're glad Nellie's back!" Now, ain't that good English?



Johnny Brannon's Flight. L. to R. (Bottom Row) Angie Miller, Paul Moore, Ed Straight, John Brannon, Flight Commander. (Top Row) Ted Overeynder, Ernie Nottmeier, Bob Ewennes, Bob Watts, Bob Boyle, Assistant Flight Commander.

GABLES-TECH TRAINEE NEWS

by Pvt. T. W. Martin

With cooler weather setting in and Florida just beginning to be appreciated, Class 2-43-E must pack up and leave for new stamping grounds. The boys enjoyed a gala evening last Saturday at the Deauville, Miami Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Criddlebaugh and Mr. Stewart were among the Instructors present at this momentous occasion. Pvs. Di Russo and Hodges, C. L., eventually summoned up sufficient courage to venture out on the dance floor and trip the light fantastic—the other members of the party were content to sit, eat, and watch.

A sad note has been injected into our last week's stay at Embry-Riddle. Pvt. J. F. McLatchey suffered the loss of his sister in an automobile accident and is now at his home in Norwood, Mass. The Class extends its sympathy and will regret his absence at the graduation banquet.

Let's take this opportunity to meet some of the boys in the Class. First, we have Pvs. Hodges, C. L., and Matson, A. C. L., both of whom bend over backwards to do anyone a favor. Incidentally, both are from Massachusetts.

Alabama and Georgia are well represented in the persons of Pvs. Crabbe, Malone, Gilliland, and Adams—the four erstwhile southerners of the Class. They are four of the easiest fellows in the world to get along with, and we hope to meet them again after the war.

"P. B." Di Russo, Mass.—a man and his drums. When he's not drumming on a table or chair, he's probably amusing the Class with his impersonations of Andy Divine or Rochester.

Give Pvt. Ciampo, Mass., a fishing rod, bait, and moral support, and he'll make Isaac Walton look like a beginner.

Want your picture taken? Any particular pose? Difficult shots a specialty. Pvt. McKinnon, Mass., proudly admits that he knows his camera and the art of taking pictures. If a snapshot is blurred, you moved—not the camera.

Connecticut presented the U. S. Army Air Corps with two of its fairer sons—Pvs. Gazarian and Hicock. We were only jesting when we denounced your state, men—I, for one, wish I lived there myself. Rhode Island's all right, too, Sperry.

The Class is going to miss the sumptuous feasts made possible by the boxes from home sent to Pvs. Habib, Hesketh, and MacRae. Good cooks are born and reared in Massachusetts, as evidenced by the chocolate cakes, cookies, etc., included.

"He travels fastest who travels alone"—Pvt. Gormley, Mass., swears by this adage, having done very well by himself in his social life and academic pursuits.

At least once during every course, Pvt. Farquahar, Mass., succeeded in talking the Instructor into letting him indulge in a bit of carpentry.

Pvs. Mercier, Mass., and Sperry, R. I., have a standing wager as to whether we will be shipped to a warmer or cooler climate. Let's hope Mercier is the victor in this controversy.

Congratulations to the newlyweds, Pvt. and Mrs. Joseph Finn. We wonder how she will like our northern climate.

A tip to the future mess sergeants—as an Army travels on its stomach, so Pvt. Early travels on a good morning cup of coffee.

It seems that out of the entire Class, Pvs. Martin and McOrdle are the only ones who believe that Boston has more than baked beans. After all, fellows, 'tis our own, our native land—or city, in this particular case.

Davis—"Will really miss the venture at the cafeteria doors."

Farone—"Officers, Instructors, and civilians were swell."

Lizio—"Just getting acquainted, I wish I could stay longer. So long." (A Yank in Florida.)

Fat Figgione—"Where are those seconds?"

Morton Harris—"She was good to me, Embry-Riddle?"

Eisenhauer—"We'll keep 'em flying, and how!"

Ron Ciancanelli—"Heartaches, hospital-ity—home."

George W. Fiet—"Embry-Riddle was tops while it lasted."

Dave Hautman—"Boy, that No. 3 hangar looks jest lak ma mule bahn back home."

Get the idea? That's right! The same thing, we suppose, every other Class has to say, phrased a little differently. So much packed into 15 weeks, so much to remember, and so many downright fine friends every man has made—all make our experience a little unreal.

All we have to do to make it real, however, is to recall the whole gang as the Class and things become real enough. Ask Sgt. Gregiano.

To all the rest of the men in school we say, "So long, good luck, and here's hoping we meet again someplace, somewhere out there where the 'wrench boys' put the 'fly' in 'Keep 'em Flying'."

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

PRIVATE "PEEP-HOLE"

We are proud to announce that the average of Class 5-43-A is mounting every week. We now have about 50% of the men with averages of 85% and over and not a single failure. Let's hit that Carburetion Course with all we've got and keep our average climbing!

Your reporter regrets a slight oversight in the pronunciation of one man's name in our Class. We have it on good authority that his name is "Flower" and not "Fowler."

We understand that "Georgia" Jones is going in for the finer things in life. He came to school last week with red polish on his nails. He vows that someone did it while he was asleep. I guess we all come from Missouri.

Some of the boys went fishing Sunday. You should have heard the story about the ones that got away. It was terrific!

Private Boos is really in their pitching for all he is worth. We are glad to see his weekly average rising steadily. Keep up the good work, Boos!

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

"What is red corpuscle?"

"That's a non-commissioned officer of the Red Army."

Recruit: "I came to get a uniform."

Supply Sergeant: "How'll you have it, too large or too small?"

Soldier Speaks for His Class

by Pvt. Cornell

It's a grand place, wasn't it? Just like that! A few weeks ago just a crude piece of pig iron, and now, believe it or not, a bunch of nickle plated end wrenches—and every one to fit airplanes.

Class 2-43-A are, therefore, saying, "hello" and "goodbye"—hello to a job that's exciting and goodbye to 15 weeks of learning the tricks of the job.

How can one soldier say everything for a whole Class? Some of the lads had ideas of their own (trust 2-43-A), and here are a few bagatelles in reply to the question "What one thing will you remember strongest about your 15 weeks at Embry-Riddle?"

Red M. Amos—"Always Embry-Riddle's rhythm for Red the Rebel." (Camouflage omitted.)

Brannigan—"Saturday's exam, mail call, and Sundays."

Allen—"Waiting for the last 'get up' bell."

Mike Di Palma—"One visit with the Major."

Bill Hinton—"Certain gorgeous young ladies at meal time."

Paul Canty—"It was swell while it lasted."

Holden—"Tough. But glad I had the opportunity."

Madigan—"Swell officers. Our officers at the Gables and officers at the School were tops."

McLaughlin—"Home!"

Ham—"Moonlight, palm trees, and bed checks. No kidding, I've enjoyed it."

Cullen—"Miami brought me the babe I love (with gestures), Janice."

Holsberg—"Guard duty in the rain."



Germick already snoring happily but loudly in the seat across the aisle.

Aeronautical Nightmare

For a while all went well in Lavelle's dreams. His student was watching the signal lights unfailingly. The moon was bright, and his landing was as sure as next week's pay check.

But then, without warning, something went wrong. The student suddenly was haywire—the ship began to auger wildly—Lavelle grabbed for the controls to take over, but found no controls there, since the Seaboard Company has as yet neglected to provide that convenience for its Meteor passengers. That, however, did not stop Lavelle.

Half awake and half asleep, he began to yell and to explore—but even though he yelled more than he explored, he did not yell half as loud as the sweet young thing from Brooklyn, who, unfortunately, was blissfully unaware of Jimmy's aeronautical nightmare.

At that point the story ends, but Germick's claim that the rest of the trip was spent in considerable embarrassment for Lavelle is not, under the circumstances, very, very difficult to believe.

*There's a story they tell just in passing
Of neurotic G. Wellington Hassing,*

*Who would smoke quite a lot
Where he knew he should not,
Which was once by a ship they were gas-*

sing.
*There is not much to tell of the story,
And the minor details are quite gory.*

*But the force of the blast
That he caused as he passed
Blew Hassing and ten men all to glory.*

Mental Snapshots

Phil McCracken causing quite a stir with word going around, to-wit, "Wow! You oughtta see the little pippin Phil brought back to Arcadia with him!" And she is a beaut—a maroon Olds convertible! Your anxious-to-please correspondent trying to find enough news to fill the Carlstrom column with the "Fly Paper" box on Peggy's operations desk as bare as Mother Hubbard's renowned cupboard.

Sassy talk about what Carlstrom Field wants for Christmas from a neighboring field listed on the CAA map as an "abandoned airport" . . . the sleepy-eyed cadets and sleepier-eyed instructors before each night-flying period, filling up on enough coffee to keep them awake during the hour.

The green-eyed onlookers as the P-40 visitor of last week—complete with eyes and shark's teeth—buzzed the flight line . . . Mark Ball being the latest promotion and beginning his duties as Assistant Flight Commander to Cotton Jones.

Too obvious to mention, but true enough to emphasize—our safety record is what you make it! Don't look to the hundred and fifty who stay in line to keep it 100%. Look to yourself, the one guy who can cut out one time and spoil the result of two years' care and patience—spoil it with a single fatality—yourself!

CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE

by Tom Watson, Jr.

Adventure began a few days ago for another bunch of ambitious hopefuls at Carlstrom as a new flock of fledglings added their names to the fast-growing Embry-Riddle family.

At the Arcadia safety-record-breaking field, a sizeable and eager Class 43-D has been in the harness for a few days, and the awesome time of soloing has risen from its former place as an intangible, some-day-to-be-realized dream, to a real, must-be-achieved goal.

True to Air Force custom, goggles trail humbly behind the head of the "pigeon" who wears them; but before many more days have passed, pair after pair will here and there proudly pop to their intended positions "on top."

Goggles up, boys! There's a war to be won, and every hour you plug away to rate your instructor's "safe for solo"—every sweating hour of effort—brings Victory just that much nearer!

Good "Vittles"

The barbecue supper thrown last week at George Stonebraker's rural retreat for the

exclusive enjoyment and gastronomic benefit of Carlstrom's 43-C Instructors, wives, and girl-friends, was an affair long to be remembered by that conglomeration of worthy ladies and gentlemen.

Some will remember more vividly the barbecued fish; some the roasted ribs; some various and sundry other outstanding offerings of the evening—but everyone within miles of the spot will remember Clem Whittenbeck's solid tenor as heard in the impromptu double quartet. We wonder how such a man could have missed his natural calling to radio, op'ry, and Hollywood.

At least one red-topped gentleman, however, will rue the evening his pals Germick and Jenkins found such a large and appreciative audience for the story they're spreading around concerning Jimmy Lavelle's train trip north. As it happened, Lavelle's flight had only a few nights before finishing night flying, and with his mind still full of the accompanying terrors, Jimmy curled up in his half of the Silver Meteor seat he shared with a sweet young thing from Brooklyn, and fell into a fitful sleep—

Records Broken In Carlstrom Swim Meet

Lt. McCormick, the athletic officer at Carlstrom Field, conducted a very successful swimming meet on Tues., Oct. 20. The meet saw the lowering of three of the Carlstrom Pool records.

Cadet Harold Leicht, of the New York Athletic Club, swimming teams of '41 and '42, was the best individual performer, gathering 16 points in the various events.

He holds the New York City 50 yard breast-stroke record of 30 seconds. In this event in Carlstrom, he lowered the field record from 33 seconds to 31 seconds.

Besides taking first place in the breast-stroke, he came in second in the 50 yard back-stroke, and second in the 100 yard free style, as well as swimming first on the winning relay team.

Second in individual honors was Cadet Julian Smitherman from Birmingham, Ala. Cadet Smitherman was one point out of first place in individual honors, but did account for two new records. He lowered the Carlstrom record in the 100 yard free style, from 59.9 seconds to 57.9 seconds.

However, in this event he was unable to better his record of 54 flat which he set in winning the Southeastern AAU Championships in 1939 and 40.

He set another record in winning the Mid-South AAU 50 yard free style in 1940 in 24.5 seconds. At Carlstrom he continued his record breaking activities by cutting the 50 yard back-stroke record from 34.4 seconds to 31.2 seconds.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

Double Play at Carlstrom Field

The weekly tennis classes at Carlstrom Field were devoted to the finer points of doubles play on Thurs., Oct. 22. The morning group led off with a doubles round robin that was won by Cadets Dacosta and McElhare. They defeated Cadets Noyes and Coleron in the play-off.

The teams of Kennedy and Hedges, Suggs and Hooper, Burns and Stuart, and Jacobs and Fisk pressed the winners closely and only missed out on the play-offs by a margin of a few games.

At noon time, Lt. McCormick, the athletic officer, and Don Budge defeated Capt. Bill Hart and Lloyd Budge 6-4 in a contest that was close all the way and was decided mainly by Lt. McCormick's stonewall defense.

After that, the two Army officers tried their hand against the pros, but had to content themselves with second place.

The afternoon group was dominated by Cadets MacDowell and Thomas. They were followed in their division by the teams of Watson and Lyman, Auten and Diggs, Richards and Arten, and Lucas and Lang.



Embry-Riddle Field

Wing Flutter

by J. C. Holt, Guest Writer

Boss Jim McShane's Aircraft Overhaul plant has really been humming since the last issue of our Fly Paper. The guys and gals here have really been busy little bees this week. Of course Uncle Jim knows that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, so kind Uncle Jim let Jack off long enough to get a haircut.

Gopher Patrol

Just in case you want to know why the riveting hammers were silent, we will let you know. It seems that George (Daniel Boone) Wool and his Gopher Patrol boys have been blazing new trails in the swamps, and, as the story goes, they got stuck in the mud.

They started out in a boat made from four oil drums, but a nonconfirmed report states that after the boat sank, the wading got deep.

Wool's right hand scout, Frank Barba, showed up during the latter part of the week in knee pants, high boots and mud from head to foot.

Just in case you don't know Wool—he's the guy that combs his hair with the wash rag.

The Stockroom, headed by Mrs. Scott, is issuing plenty these days. Every now and then we see Scottie out in the shop, and you can believe us when we say that every time she comes around, there is a check to pay somewhere. New checks have been issued and I think we can depend on Mrs. Scott to keep the room up to date.

Wedded WAAC

Our congrats to Peggy Morton, the WAAC from Pepper's Department, as she is now Mrs. Tom Stewart. The marriage took place last Sunday. Lots of luck to you Peggy. We know you will be happy.

No Wing Flutter would be complete without mention of Roy Sikes and his Dopey Dopers. But we'd better warn Roy that we saw several girls with E.R. C-1 stamped on their arms. Just what does that mean? If you really want to know, why don't you ask Marjorie?

We are happy to have Mr. Peter Prince and family here from Arcadia. Mr. Prince was General Foreman at Aircraft Overhaul, Carlstrom Field, and has been transferred. He is now one of our big happy family, and, by the look of his smile, we know he is happy in his new duties.

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

C. P. T. Programs, Elementary, and Secondary sessions are calmly and uneventfully gliding through Stages A, B, and C, with fine reports coming in for both students and instructors.

P.S. What has happened to those blood thirsty Saturday a.m. baseball games betwix the Army and the Navy. Did the Navy scuttle the Army, or did the forces run out of P. D. Q. priority ratings to get a retread on the ball.

The Last Legion

The last remaining six cross-country trainees, having initiated what is to be our new Club Quarters, are now mastering the seventy-seven minute details of the Dalton Computer.

This will eventually aid them in mapping out a means by which they can efficiently navigate between the canteen, hangar, and club lounge without going by the boat

Continued on Page 16

PROGRAM

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Feature Picture

"I'LL SELL MY LIFE"

with Rose Hobart
and Michael Whalen

Monday, November 2nd
RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, November 3rd
DORR FIELD

Wednesday, November 4th
CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, November 5th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Feature Picture

"CITY OF MISSING GIRLS"

with H. B. Warner

Thursday, November 5th
RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, November 6th
DORR FIELD

Monday, November 9th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place,
See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Pat Smythe, Nelva Purdon, Ralph Thyng, Kenneth Milner, Dudley Amoss, Harry Ingram, Roy Lacey, Brian Johnstone, Jerry Greenberger, J. L. Kerr, Derrick Button, Bob Ahern, Fran Winkler, G. Burgess, Associate Editors.

A Big Day

Instead of a "Great Day for the Irish," last Sunday was a great day for the English. For, the R.A.F. here at No. 5 B.F.T.S. scored a "grand slam" against the team that came down from the Embry-Riddle training school in Coral Gables. The Britishers won the soccer, softball, tennis, and swimming events, but regardless of the results, there was a fine spirit of sportsmanship shown on both sides throughout the afternoon.

The Army lads came in time for lunch, were shown about the Field, and then started the games. The soccer and softball games were played first, followed by swimming and tennis, after which dinner was served. Lieutenants Meyer and Mark were in charge of the Army fellows, and they have made arrangements for similar days to take place in the future—some here, and some in Miami. The complete results of the sports are as follows:

Soccer—As was expected, the Riddle Fielders won their British game 7 to 2. The R.A.F. came through with 4 goals in the first half and 3 in the second, while the Army made a goal in each half. Playing on the Army team were: Colosimo, Gray, Eckert, Hibbard, Fazzino, Henfer, Dunham, Cummings, Zapokki, Dernoga, and Sullivan. The Riddle Field team was composed of Whittle, Kay, Fishwick, Tait, Purrett (Blue Flight); Ingram, Munro, Miller, Saunders and Coates (Yellow Flight); Magness (Green Flight); Flight Lieutenant G. W. Nickerson officiated the game.

Softball—The Army team was a little "shaken" in this game, as the local boys staged a four run rally in the fifth inning to come from behind and win a 7 to 5 decision. The game was close throughout, and errors played a prominent part in all the scoring. The score by innings:

U.S.A. — 020 030 0—5

R.A.F. — 210 040 x—7

Diggins, Meyers, Mascay, Livingston, Duffy, Glasser, Flynn, Holland, Finch, and Grew were on the Army lineup, while Grant, Gray, Milner, Ball, Yates (Red Flight); Townsend and Weir (Yellow Flight); Hopkins (P.T. Supervisor) played for the R.A.F.

Swimming — A "miniature" swimming meet was held, with the events being determined by the capable entries from the two teams. The score was 30 to 8, with the following results: Two Lap Free Style — Jamieson (Yellow), first; Duffy (Army), second; Periera (Yellow), third. Two Lap Back-Stroke — Jamieson (Yellow), first; Colosimo (Army), second. Free Style Relay Race — R.A.F. first (James, Hellewell, Jamieson (Yellow), Clandillon (Green); Army second (Jacobson, Duffy, Rhea and Meyer). Fancy Diving — Rhea (Army),

first; Periera (Yellow), second; Hatchwell (Green), third. Medley Relay Race—R.A.F. first (Lumsden (Yellow) Clandillon and Hatchwell (Green); Army second (Meyer, Duffy and Hibbard).

Tennis — The local netters swept their tennis matches 3 to 0, with Temple and Le-Mesurier of Blue Flight beating Horowitz and Glasser 6-1, 6-1; Higgins of Green Flight and Dixon of Yellow Flight pairing to trim Mark and Lewig 6-1, 6-2; King of Blue Flight taking Michael 6-2, 6-0.

Personal Prattle

Harold Cowlshaw, Navigation Ground School Instructor, got a swell shot of the swimming pool and beach of the R.A.F. Miami home — the Deauville.



R. A. F. Miami Home

We have not been able to find out if it is true that the Maintenance Crew is installing a tricycle landing gear on a B.T. instrument ship for Charlie Butler or not, but from what we have been told, it would not be such a bad idea.

Jon Pullen, former Timekeeping Head here, spent several days last week setting up that office at Carlstrom Field and assisting the Timekeeping operations at Dorr Field. Jon is now a Link Maintenance Man and is well pleased with his new work.

"Doc" Chiddix has quite a group of persons taking his Navigation Course on Tuesday and Thursday nights. The patience of the good Doc is sometimes tried, but progress has actually been noted, so "Keep 'em Navigating" Doc.

At the Instructors Club last Thursday night many of the members, their wives and friends had a most enjoyable time. Through the courtesy of Mr. K. J. Walters, a chicken dinner was served, with all the trimmings, to about 75 persons, and we hope to have a repeat performance in the near future.

Hunzikers Son in Navy

Mr. Fred A. Hunziker, son of Acting General Manager F. E. Hunziker, has been accepted as a Naval Air Corps Cadet and will report for training in the near future. Young Hunziker is well known at the Field having formerly been employed in the para-

chute department, and always a frequent visitor. Good Luck, sir!

And speaking of the Naval Air Corps, it will be of interest to many of you to know that Paul Prior, former Primary Flight Dispatcher, has also been accepted in this branch of the service, and will start his training in January.

Cadet Chatter

Echoes from the Sports Day — Green Flight quite elated over their victory from the more senior groups — Yellow Flight a little disappointed with their show — Captain Nickerson even more disappointed — Blue Flight pointing with pride to the swell mile their Course Commander ran — Red Flight feeling quite pleased with themselves for finishing second, despite wings exams, etc.

Somebody ought to tell Brian Johnstone, the Green Flight Fly Paper Correspondent, that there's a petrol shortage on. By unanimous vote, he has been awarded the prize of the month. What amuses us mainly is that he stood by the scene watching the Riddle Field gusher and did not even think to fill that 25c lighter of his. So far, there has been no mention of his receiving a vote of thanks from the Standard Oil Company.

We wish L. A. C. Discombe of Green Flight a speedy recovery from his illness. The lads of the village will be seeing you shortly, Mr. Discombe, so until then, cherrio from Green Flight.

Glad to see that our former associate editor, "Strabismus", (Desmond Leslie) is keeping us informed from England—Keep it up Desmond—our regards to all the Riddle Field Alumni over there.

Here Comes the Bride

The bridegroom this time, ladies and gentlemen, is none other than Commanding Officer T. O. Prickett. While on a recent trip to California, C. O. Prickett and Miss Elizabeth Galbally were married in Laguna Beach — October 20, 1942, the exact date. The couple are now back in Florida and are hoping to reside in Clewiston. CONGRATULATIONS MR. and MRS. PRICKETT.

(Continued on Page 14)



Harold Cowlshaw and "Boss"

TOP HONORS TO A/C FRANK DISCOMBE



Everybody on the winning Green Flight Team is happy as their Captain, Frank Discombe, Wellington, England, receives the gold championship trophy cup for taking top honors in the third Riddle Field Sports Day from Fred Hunziker, acting General Manager during the absence of G. W. Tyson.

Green Flight, paced by wing-footed Cadet Frank Discombe of Wellington, England, the individual high point winner, captured the third Riddle Field Sports Day and with it the gold championship trophy cup here Wednesday afternoon, October 21.

Runner-up to Green Flight, which amassed 21 points in the track and field events, was Red Flight with 14 points. In third place was Blue Flight with 11 points, while Yellow Flight had to be content in the cellar spot with 8 points.

Discombe, in taking top individual honors with 6½ points, was closely pressed by Cadet R. W. H. Gray, Manchester, England, of Red Flight, who garnered six points.

Discombe won the 100-yard and 220-yard events and was a member of the second place one-half mile relay team. Gray won the long jump with a leap of 17 feet, 9 inches; was second in the 100-yard dash; and ran on the winning half-mile relay quartet.

New Record

A new record was established when Discombe ran the 100 yards in 11 seconds, clipping four-fifths of a second off the previous mark set by Cadet Gray, then a member of Yellow Flight, in the second Sports Day held July 22. The high jump record of 5 feet, 1 inch, was equaled by Cadet Chopping, Yellow Flight, who won the closely contested event.

Three special events, the sack race, three-legged race, and obstacle race were not considered in competitive standings and no points were awarded the winners. In the sack race, featured by the "dark horse" runner F/Lt. G. W. Nickerson, who had difficulty with his sack at the take-off and trailed the field, Cadet Parry, Red Flight, won handily.

Blue Flight's entry captured the three-legged event, and Yellow Flight ran off

with all three places in the obstacle race, featured by contestants bobbing for oranges in a dishpan of water and then burrowing their faces in plates of flour to pick up an olive with their teeth.

The trophy cup was presented to Cadet Derek Cladillon, Seven Kings, Essex, England, captain of the championship Green Flight team, by Fred Hunziker, director of flying and now acting general manager during the absence of G. W. Tyson.

The Complete Results

220-yards — Discombe, Green Flight, first; Amoss, Blue Flight, second; Cheesbrough, Green Flight, third. Time: 26.2 seconds.

Cricket Ball — Cladillon, Green Flight, first; Winder, Blue Flight, second; Yates, Red Flight, third. Distance: 83 1/3 yards.

100-yards — Discombe, Green Flight, first; Gray, Red Flight, second; Woolley, Blue Flight, third. Time: 11 seconds. **NEW RECORD.**

One-Mile — Foksett, Blue Flight, first; Canaway, Yellow Flight, second; Trotter, Green Flight, third. Time: 5:30.

Long jump — Gray, Red Flight, first; Gaskell, Green Flight, second; Richardson, Green Flight, third. Distance: 17 ft. 9 in.

Half-mile relay — Red Flight (Gray, Ball, Ainsley and Yates), first; Green Flight (Discombe, Cheesbrough, Cox and Cladillon), second. Time: 1:45.

High jump — Chopping, Yellow Flight, first; Pagram, Red Flight, second; Dickson, Yellow Flight, third. Height: 5 ft. 1 in. **EQUALED RECORD.**

440-yards — Ardley, Blue Flight, first; Goodwin, Red Flight, second; Cox, Green Flight, third. Time: 1:01 1/5.

Tug-of-war — Green Flight, first; Yellow Flight, second.

The Sports Day program was arranged and directed by Jack Hopkins, physical training supervisor at Riddle Field.

The officials were, Lt. A. G. Schuber, Lt. R. O. Bauman, S/L George Burdick, S/L Hill, starters; J. W. Durden, Fred Hunziker, E. J. Smith, Joe Obermeyer, C. E. Bjornson, F/Lt. William Reinhart, judges; F/Lt. G. W. Nickerson, clerk of course; Sgt. Platt, Sgt. Chappell, Sgt. Henley, timekeepers; LAC's Milner, Ashwick, West, Hatchwell, stewards.

CADET KELLY WINS TENNIS ROUND ROBIN

On Wed., Oct. 14, a round robin singles tournament was held at Riddle Field under the supervision of Don Budge, the Athletic Director. The event attracted seventeen entrants. It was divided into four quarters with the winners coming into the semi-finals and having an elimination play-off.

Cadet Kelly entirely outclassed the field by winning his own quarter without the loss of a game, defeating Cadet Chopping rather handily in the semi-finals, and then allowing Cadet King only one game in the final.

In the first quarter there was a very close race between Cadets Weir, Henriquez, Pereire, and Pendrous. Cadet Weir squeezed through by the narrow margin of one game, but was then eliminated in the semi-finals by Cadet King, the runner-up.

In the third quarter there was also close competition between Cadets Chopping and Dixon, and here again the margin of victory was but a single game.

The play of Cadet Kennedy in the fourth quarter earned him second place in that division, and Cadet Easy took second place in the second quarter.

On Wed., Oct. 21, the track and field meet occupied the center of the stage and tennis activity was limited to a short one set singles exhibition in which Don Budge defeated his brother, Lloyd, 6-3.

Following this, Cadet Temple teamed up with Lloyd Budge to turn the tables on Cadet Kelly and Don Budge. The losers were within one point of winning the set 6-3, but a remarkable recovery by Cadet Temple staved off defeat and finally enabled the ultimate winners to get home at 7-5.

SCHUBER

Continued from Page 1

served as Assistant to the Engineering Officer.

Here he received three months training in the Engineering Department, and was then transferred to Bolling Field, Washington, D. C. He served in the same capacity at this Field, before being transferred to Riddle Field on March 18, 1942.

The Lieutenant is five feet eight inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, has blue eyes and blonde hair. He is single, and we might add, handsome.

He likes to swim, play tennis, and is interested in sailing, although the war has limited his activities in this field. When asked if he was married, he replied, "No. No. No. No." So, gals, here's your chance.

RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Continued from Page 12

So Sorry

We knew that we would make some kind of error and probably errors, in our birthday edition last week. Well, of all the things to do, we would leave out every one of the Assistant Flight Commanders on the Flight lines—every last one of them. They are — Primary, Fred Perry, W. F. King; Basic, K. Woodward; Advanced, Johnny Davis and J. Schneider.

So accept our apologies, gentlemen—it was an unintentional omission.

Squadron Leader George Burdick, who has been with No. 5 B.F.T.S. for some ten months, will leave soon for England, and a new station.

Squadron Leader Burdick has been in charge of the Ground School work of the pupils here, and with the cooperation of the Ground School Instructors, has set up a very fine organization. On several occasions, this Post has won top honors in Ground School work.

He also has been connected with the Sports program for the pupils, being in charge of the Sports Committee and its activities.

Sometime ago, Squadron Leader Burdick was joined by his wife and daughter, and they have made their home in Clewiston. These folks have made many friends in this community and are very popular with all who know them.

The departure of Mr. Burdick and his family is regretted, and everyone joins in wishing them every success in the future.

Squadron Leader Burdick's duties will be assumed by Squadron Leader A. G. Hill, who comes from the Flying School at Albany, Georgia. S/L Hill has already started his work here, so we will present him as our Man of the Week in an early issue.

Our two Basic and Advanced Correspondents, Bob Ahern and Fran Winkler, got busy this past week, and our column is interspersed with items they have submitted. We certainly appreciate their efforts,



Bob Ahern

and to show you just what fine looking gentlemen we have reporting for the Basic and Advanced Groups, we include their pictures.

Now if only Primary would send a couple of correspondents to cover their activities we would have the Pilot situation "well in hand."

And speaking of Basic Instructors, what well known Instructor, who, by the way, is taking his Advanced Refresher, is known as Peep Peep.



Fran Winkler

"THE WEBSTER FAMILY"

by Jean Duncan

Hi, fellow passengers! Here's a little news and some views of the Transportation Department: Rachel Lane's "Red" is due in town shortly, so I guess we are in for a "lay-off" of a station wagon for a week-end. Poor Mr. Webster!

We all hope Dottie Wells will land and settle some place soon, as she is wearing out the whole Embry-Riddle personnel trying to find a house for her. We're looking forward to the house warming, Dottie.

We would certainly like to see the notes exchanged between Elaine Chalk and Mrs. Kerr of Aircraft Overhaul!!

Ruth Turner is hobbling along in size 8's these days. Hope her "Tootsie" is better soon.

We hear Laurie Ebbets is stationed at the Colonnade permanently now. Also that

Laurie and Doris Harrison, of the Chapman Field bus, sang together over a local radio station. They should start a station wagon duet!

Ruth Fisher, Mr. Webster's right hand, certainly has to hold on to her temper when the phone starts ringing, "Please send a wagon here and a wagon there," and of course not a wagon in sight.

Daddy Webster, father of the driverettes, is a new uncle, of a brand new baby boy. But to be father of eight gals leaves him little time for his nephew.

By the way we would like to know who the little blond secretary is who takes such good dictation in the station wagon??? You guys and gals won't know us when you see our new navy blue uniforms, and I must add, our New Shoes.

THE FLY PAPER SAY

To know what to do is wisdom, to know how to do it is skill, to do the thing as it should be done is service.

Too many people itch for what they want without scratching for it.

The man or woman of enthusiastic trend always exercises a magnetic influence over those with whom he or she comes into contact.

Luck counts once in a while; trained efficiency counts all the time.

The fellow pulling on the oars hasn't time to rock the boat.

Success does not come so much from sitting up nights as it does from staying awake in the daytime.

Sixty-two muscles are required to produce a frown, and only sixteen to smile. Wear a smile and save the difference.

NIP AND TUCK

The Permanent Party Basketball Team at Embry-Riddle really turned on the heat to win their opening game with Class 5-43-E in a hard fought, nip-and-tuck battle, by the score of 14 to 13, showing that they are really going to furnish some tough opposition for their opponents.

Pvt. Gluesing was high point man for the P.P.'s, while Pvt. Mitchell sparked the play of 5-43-E. S/Sgt. Rappaport, clown that he is, furnished the fun for the game, also playing a whale of a game while doing so.

Line-up of the teams:

PERMANENT PARTY

	Points
Pvt. Gluesing, L.F.	6
T/Sgt. Graziano, R.F.	4
Pvt. Gunter, C.	
Cpl. Smith, L.G.	2
S/Sgt. Rappaport, R.G.	2

Total 14

Substitute: P.P. Pvt. Hawkins.
5-43-E

	Points
Pvt. Mascari, L.F.	
Pvt. Mitchell, R.F.	5
Pvt. Rhea, C.	2
Pvt. Mielecki, L.G.	2
Pvt. Melefski, R.G.	2

Total 13

Substitute: 5-43-E Pvt. Muscavage.

NEW BOOKS AT THE TECH SCHOOL

Applied Descriptive Geometry.
Weick—Aircraft Propeller Design.
Argentina, the Life Story of a Nation,
by J. W. White.
Who's Who in Aviation, 1942-43.
Aircraft Inspection, by Wissman.
Mechanics of Aircraft Structures,
by Younger.
Aircraft Blueprints and How to Read Them,
by Norcross.
Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting, by O'Rourke.
Practical Mathematics, by Palmer & Bibb.
Descriptive Geometry, by Smutz.
Fundamentals of Radio, by Terman.
Radio Engineering, by Terman.
Standard Handbook for Electrical Engineers,
by Knowlton.
Internal-Combustion Engines, by Lichty.
Welding, by Moyer.
Mathematics for the Aviation Trades,
by Naidich.
Aircraft Riveting, by Nisita.
Mathematics, by Breneman.
Mathematics for Electricians and Radiomen,
by Cooke.
Cousins—Internal Combustion Engines.
American Electricians Handbook,
by Croft.
Aircraft Welding, by Elzea.
Plane and Spherical Trigonometry,
by Kells.
Science and Practice of Welding, 1941,
by Davies.
Diesel Engines, 1937, by Bigger.
All the World's Aircraft, 1942.
Textbook of Physics, 1937, by Spinney.
Outline of Physics, 1938, by Caswell.
Lessons in Electricity, 1936, by Page.
Electricity and Magnetism, by Culver.
Calculus, 1940, by Robbins.
General Mathematics, 1939, by Currier.
Diesel Engine Design, by Purday.
Diesel Engines and Diesel Electric Power,
by Richards.
Meteorology for Aviators.
Aircraft Manual for Maintenance and Repair,
by Ensign Jack Lincke.
Procedure Handbook for Aircraft Stress Analysis,
by Nye, Hamilton, and Eames.
Manual for Aircraft Hydraulics: Theory, Maintenance, Design,
by James Thompson & Rodney Campbell.
5 English books or shall we say 5 books from Great Britain?
Electricity in Aircraft, by Crook, 1940.
Notes on Supercharging for Ground Engineers,
by Jones, 1938.
Metal Aircraft for the Mechanic; a Practical Textbook for Metal Riggers, Ground and Students,
by J. Healey, 1940.
Engineers, Technical School Instruction
Aero Engines for Pilots and Ground Engineers,
by O. Caudwell, 1940.
Engineering Inspection, by A. C. Parkinson, 1940.

Experimental aerodynamics,
by Henry C. Pavian.
Fundamentals of hydro-and aeromechanics,
by O. G. Tietjens.
Electric and magnetic fields,
by Stephen S. Attwood.
Getting acquainted with electricity,
by Alfred Morgan, 1942.
Van Nostrand's Scientific Encyclopedia.
Weather and the ocean of air,
by W. H. Wenstrom.
Electricity, by W. L. Bragg.
Getting them into the blue,
by Ernest K. Gann, 1942.
Falling through space, by Richard Hillary.
Flight to Arras,
by Antoine de Saint-Exupery.
Elementary aerodynamics,
by D. C. M. Hume.
Practical mathematics of aviation,
by A. E. Downer.
Aircraft diesels, by Paul H. Wilkinson.
Seaplanes, by Daniel J. Brimm.
Air raid safety manual,
by Burr Leyson, 1942.
Ramparts of the Pacific, by Hallett Abend.
Electricity and magnetism, by S. L. Brown.
Textbook of college physics, by C. A. Chant.
How to do aircraft sheet metal work,
by Carl Norcross, 1942.
Aeroplane landing legs, wheels and brakes,
by E. Molloy.
Aircraft design: v. 1, Aerodynamics,
by C. H. Latimer-Needham.

STOP THAT RUMOR

Dear Editor,

I would like for you to insert this little notice in the next FLY PAPER:

Deloris Wainscott is *not* engaged, *will not* be engaged, and *has not* been engaged to Edwin Tandy.

She is *not* married, *has not* been married, and *will not* be married to him.

She would like to have that rumor corrected. You see, I *know*, for my name is Deloris Wainscott.

Thanks, D.G.W.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

WAR TIME LAMENT

*Give me ten gallons of petrol,
Throw in four tires beside them,
To take me to the one I love.*

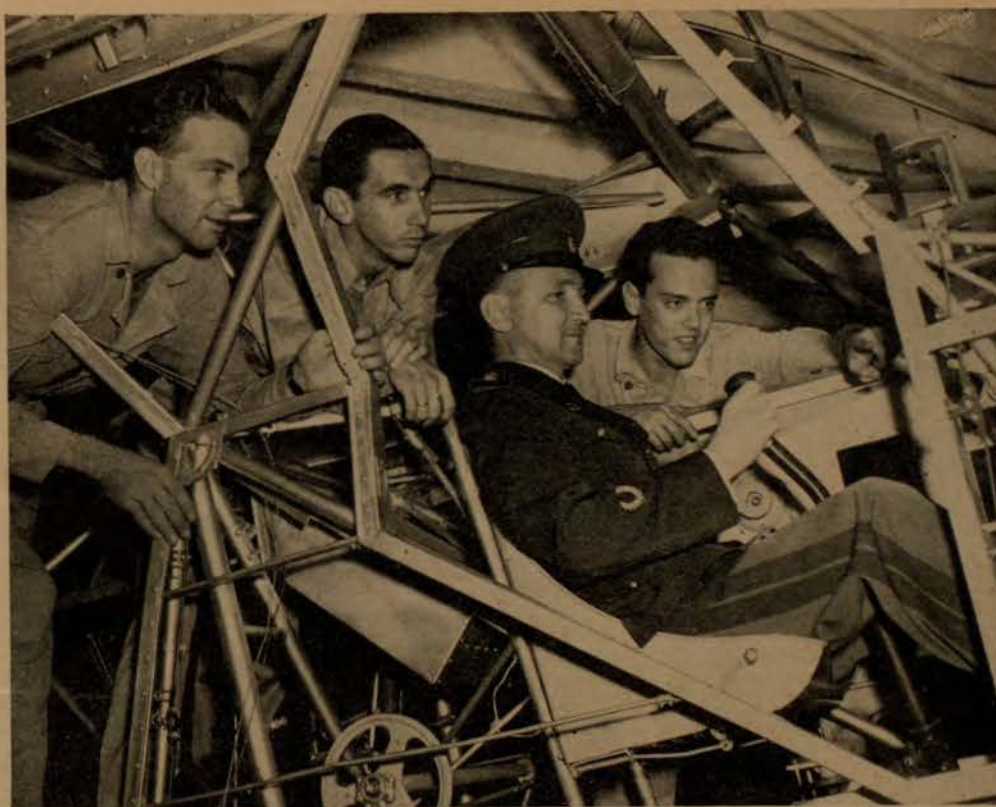
*She'll be glad to receive me,
And I hope she'll believe me,
That's something we've been talking of.*

*I'll take her pounds and pounds of sugar,
Yet she's sweeter than them all,
For she's my first priority.
And I'll give her one and all.*

*Give me ten days of furlough,
Close those gates up behind me,
And take me to the one I love.*

—Lt. Harry Stringari, Chico Field Flyer

BRAZILIAN MILITARY EXPERT GETS 'LESSON' IN FLYING



Col. Alcio Souto, head of the Brazilian Military Academy which corresponds to the U. S. Army's West Point, was given some pointers on handling the "stick" in a trainer plane by three fellow-countrymen who are students at the Embry-Riddle technical school Tuesday afternoon. Col. Souto, who paused in Miami at the start of a two months' inspection tour of military schools in the United States, was escorted on his inspection of the Embry-Riddle facilities by (left to right) Adriano Ponso, Oduvaldo Dutra and Vinicius Vargas, a cousin of President Getulio Vargas of Brazil. Impressed with the technical school training facilities, Col. Souto said he plans to visit the Brazilian students again when he returns to Miami en route to Brazil.

TECH TALK

by Howard C. Beazel, Inst. Sheet Metal

Tech Librarian Chats With Brazilian Trainee



Discussing a weighty problem in a cozy corner of the Tech School Library, are Mrs. Dorothy Burton, Librarian, and Adriano Ponso, Latin-American Trainee, who is Corresponding Secretary of the newly formed Brazilian-American Club.

"Where is my shirt?"; "Where are my pants?"; "You promised me my suit today; how am I going to keep my date?" Those are just a few of the many questions that are asked the holder of Embry-Riddle's most difficult job.

Having a very good memory and seldom forgetting a face, he always calls you by name when you come to get your laundry. The man is Carl Woodward who handles the laundry shop at Embry-Riddle.

When Mrs. Burton asked me to write the column this week, I returned a long belated favor she did for me when she took over the column for me.

Since that time I have watched Embry-Riddle with pride as it grew from a small group to a large organization. Time was when you could park your car in the front of the school where we have a beautiful lawn now.

Had you wandered 100 yards back of the school, you would have been lost in the jungle-like growth. Oh yes, in the growth of our school, beauty has played an important part.

With it also came the knowledge of many important men in Aviation. Yes, I think Embry-Riddle Tech has become one of the finest schools in the country.

I wonder if the nickname that Miss Bosley gave Dr. Carson is very appropriate? "Curly."

Calling (loudly) all "Republicans," as if there are any in the South, to the fourth floor. We have just received none other than Herbert Hoover in an Army Sheet Metal class. He is a Staff Sergeant.

Notice!! Just discovered! One absent-minded Professor!! He can be seen wearing a hat on every chilly morning—but no coat! Mr. Slocum is your man.

Lila Newbold will be transferred to Ben Turner's office this week as his secretary—she has been in Peter Ordway's office. Mr.

Terry is now head of the Radio Department as Grover Hamilton has departed to one of the military fields. Congratulations, Mr. Terry.

Jimmie Patterson, Personnel, paid a visit to the "McShane Bldg." Sunday and said it was getting into shape very fast.

"Girls, take notice!"—Eric Sundstrom is having another birthday. "You only have a few more years to wait and then he will be eligible."

CHAPMAN CHATTER

Continued from Page 11

house. Wonderful things these new inventions.

Whatta Mess!!!

The Canteen has added another bouquet to its list of flowery compliments. Mrs. Foster overheard a portion of our visiting P. A. A. F. pilots from Homestead praising the good and generous servings of food here and planning to come back real soon.

The new juke organ is also an item of popular interest, playing all the hit tunes from 1 to 20, and *sometimes* for only a nickle—if you know the combination. Wish I knew.

Congratulations to Johnny Fouche, now officially accepted as an Ensign in the U. S. Navy. Smooth sailing, pal. Congrats also to Mac Lowry, a very proud papa of 8½ lbs. of cuteness, namely Sharon Lee Lowry.

"By the Light"

We note Bill McGrath, new Flight Instructor at this Base, chalking up hours in night flying. As any one can plainly see, flying must be his "first love," for there he was in the beautiful moonlight flying with Ed Tierney.

How That Kid Has Grown!



The Aviation industry has increased production 1500% since war began! In 1939, less than 30,000 people were employed in aircraft manufacture. At the start of 1942 that number had skyrocketed to nearly 400,000! And there must be more—many, many more!

Why not build your career in this field of unlimited opportunity? Whether you choose to build 'em, fly 'em, or keep 'em flying, Embry-Riddle has exactly the kind of training you need. 41 different courses cover practically every phase of Aviation—from welding and riveting to celestial and radio navigation. Get all the facts now and plan to enroll soon.



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